

Arabian Prince

"Let The Good Times Roll (Nickel Bag)"

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Life is a jungle, I'm a hunter who's lossin
I'm not livin a life that I'm choosin
But I wake up everyday livin large
Cause I don't play
Games with people or names
And all the suckas they fear no shame
I'm told ... everybody here is bold
We let the good times roll

[Chorus: Let the good times roll (x3)]

People smokin up to lies like a nickel bag
Like money or cash they never had
Knowin nothing about livin in a fantasy
Spendin all there time survivin in reality
Streets, schools for the residents
Home for drugs and the people that are sellin it
Kickin back playin' the walls
Crusin set
And let the good times roll

[Chorus]

Rollin down the streets you might get jacked
By another brother ... why is that?
Critics always puttin the blame on the gangs of society
It shouldn't take the blame
Of the violence and the drugs and the killings
People in the government don't know how we're livin
I'm still, cause I got soul...
I'll let the good times roll

[Chorus]

Chillin' in the park shootin hoop with the homeboys
It was a 3-point turn-around I hear much noise
Cop rolled in [Cop: "Up against the wall"]
[Cop: Turn around so I can get a picture of ya'll"]
I ain't in no gang, and never intended to be
So why in the hell you wanna go and get rough with
me?
Take a picture for your black pack

I'm photogenic, but I ain't with that
Why you wanna go and mess with us anyways?
Cause I'm a nigga in the park with a group on a
Sunday?
No way ... all it is is a game that you play
Tryin to keep a brother like me down
Even though I don't mess around
Cause I'm told ... I'll let the good times roll

[Chorus: Let the good times roll (x6)]

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